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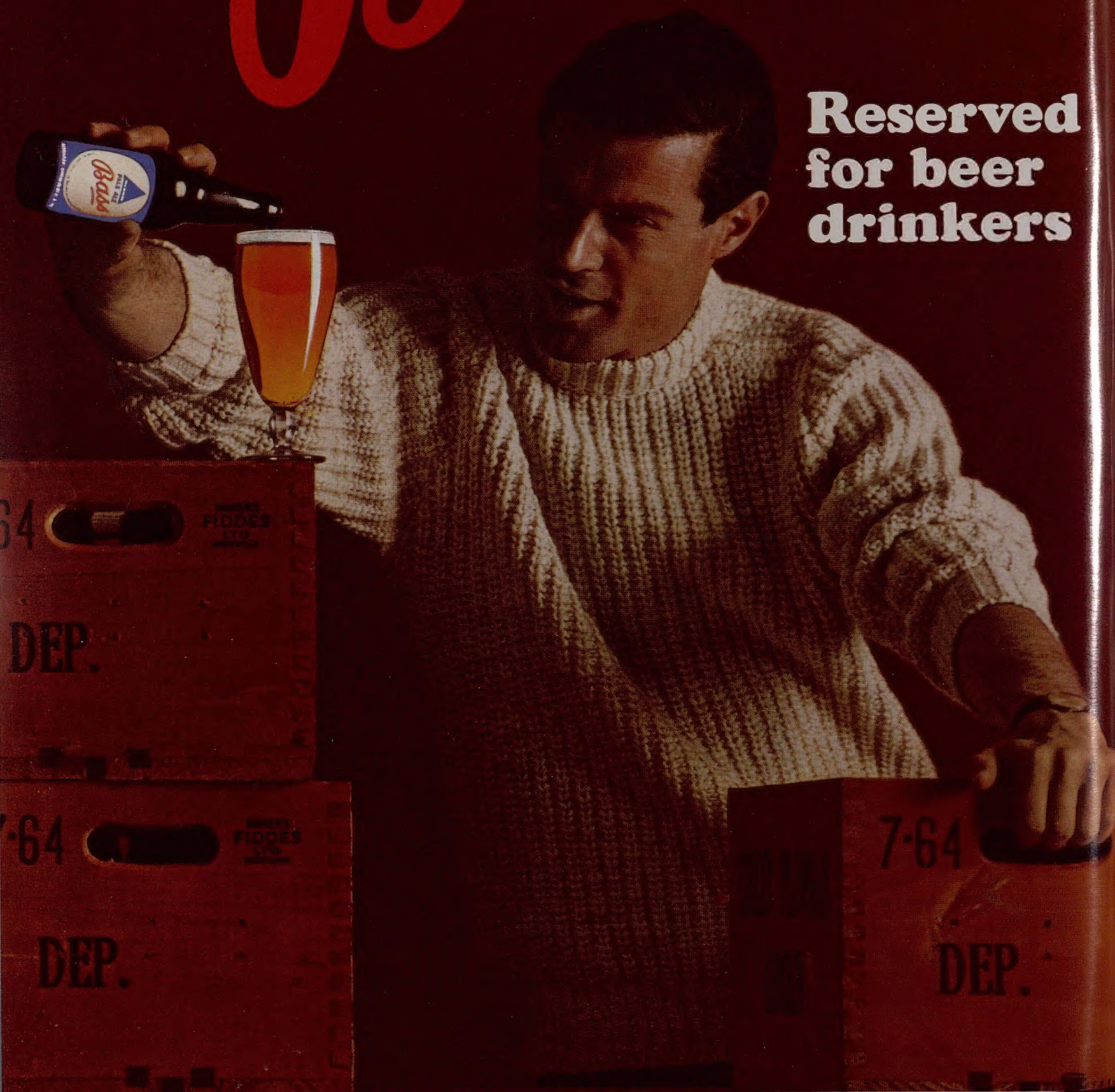
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JOHN OLIVER

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There's something of the gypsy in every soul, and our cover girl is dressed for a late summer getaway in purple corduroy hipster trousers, 6½ gns. from Young Jaeger, Regent Street, and a pink crêpe blouse, 4 gns. from all branches of Young Jaeger. The hand-painted, hand-carved caravan is at Kenwood, Hampstead, and on page 345 Madeleine Bingham writes about the travelling people who rival the stately homes with their rare collections of Royal Worcester and Crown Derby porcelain. Richard Swayne took the cover picture. Lipstick is Innoxa's Cherry Bamboo

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Edinburgh Festival, to 11 September.

"Traquair in Song & Verse," Elizabeth Seton with Mary MacDonald (harpsichord), Traquair House, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, 29 August & 5 September, 8.30 p.m. (Tickets, 10s. 6d., Innerleithen 323.)

Cowal Highland Gathering, Dunoon, Argyllshire, 27, 28 August.

Lonach Highland Gathering & Games, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, 28 August.

Aboyne Games, 8 September. (Ball, 10 September.)

Braemar Royal Highland Gathering, 9 September.

Lochaber Ball, Spean Bridge Hotel, Inverness-shire, 10 September. (Tickets £3 10s., from the Stewards, Lochaber Meeting, W. Highland Museum, Fort William.)

Pendley Shakespeare Festi-

val, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts, 27 August—4 September. **Children's Swimming Gala**, Hurlingham Club, 28 August. **Greater London Horse Show**, Clapham Common, 28-30 August. **British Association for the Advancement of Science meeting**, Cambridge, 1-8 September.

Kensington Antiques Fair, Kensington Town Hall, 2-16 September.

Battle of Britain Horse Show & Gymkhana, Ruckman's Farm, Oakwood Hill, nr. Ockley, Surrey, in aid of the R.A.F. Association, 9.30 a.m. 5 September. (Details, Forest Green 245.)

Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester Cathedral, 5-10 September.

St. Leger, Doncaster, 8 September.

Burghley Three-Day Event, Stamford, 8-10 September.

Northern Antique Dealers Fair, Harrogate, 9-16 September.

Commonwealth Arts Festival, London, Cardiff, Glasgow, Liverpool, 16 September-2 Oct.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Brighton, Yarmouth, Beverley, today & 26; Carlisle, 26; Goodwood, 27, 28; Bath, Leicester, Pontefract, 28; Newcastle, 28, 30; Folkestone, 30; Epsom, Chepstow, Ripon, Wolverhampton, 30, 31 August. **Steeplechasing**: Wincanton, 26; Fakenham, Hereford, 28; Newton Abbot, 28, 30; Huntingdon, Southwell, 30 August.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. South Africa, the Oval, 26-31 August.

MOTOR RACING

Brands Hatch Bank Holiday meeting, 30 August.

POLO

Cirencester Tournament, today to 30 August.

Cowdray Park. Farewell Cup semi-final, 28 August; Carven Cup, 29 August; finals, West Sussex Cup, Farewell Cup, 30 August.

YACHTING & REGATTAS

Dartmouth Royal Regatta, 26-30 August.

Burnham Week, Burnham-on-Crouch, 28 August-4 September.

Southwold Regatta & Fête, Suffolk, 28-30 August.

"Daily Express" Offshore Powerboat Race, Cowes-Torquay, 4 September.

TENNIS

Junior Championships, Wimbledon, 6-11 September.

South of England Championships, Eastbourne, 6-11 Sept.

MUSICAL

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, to 11 September. (KEN 8212.)

Royal Festival Hall. José Greco & His Gypsies (flamenco dancers), to 11 September. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. New York City Ballet, 30 August - 11 September. Ballets include *Symphony in C*, *Bugaku*, *Liebeslieder Walzer*, *Donizetti Variations*, *Western Symphony*, *Stars & Stripes*, *Apollo*, *Prodigal Son*, *Raymonda Variations*. 7.30 p.m., Mats., Sat., 2.15 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Country House Concert: Aske, near Richmond, Melos Ensemble, 6.30 p.m., 5 September. (PRI 7142.)

ART

Giacometti Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 30 August.

Chang Dai-Chien, Grosvenor Gallery, to 4 September.

"Britain in Watercolours," F.B.A. Gallery, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, to 3 September.

Society of Wildlife Artists Exhibition, F.B.A. Gallery, to 3 September.

Summer Salon, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, to 28 August.

Elsie Stevens, Barrett Gallery, Barrett St., to 31 August.

Soundings Two, Signals London, Wigmore St., to 22 Sept.

EXHIBITIONS

Shakespeare Exhibition, Stratford-on-Avon, to 19 September.

Ceremonial Robes & Mantles, Arundel Castle (in aid of Sussex charities), Mon. - Fri., to 1 October.

"Ellen Terry & Her Family," British Theatre Museum, Holland Park Rd., to 2 October.

Kipling Centenary Exhibition, Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, to 31 October.

Design Centre. Haymarket, "British Craftmanship," to 30 August; "Shopping in Britain," to 4 September.

FESTIVALS

Keswick Theatre Festival, to 9 October.

Malvern Theatre Festival, to 2 October.

English Cathedral Music Festival, Edington Priory Church, near Westbury, Wilts, to 29 August.

Twentieth Century Music Festival, Durham, 27 August-4 September.

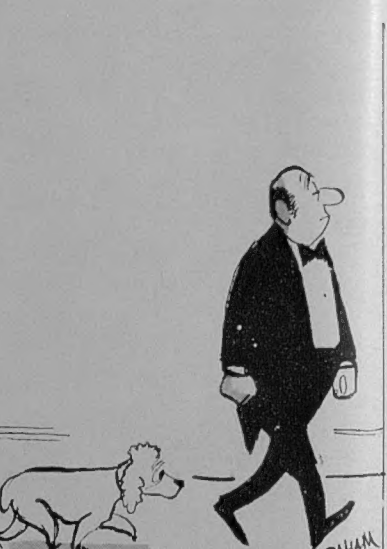
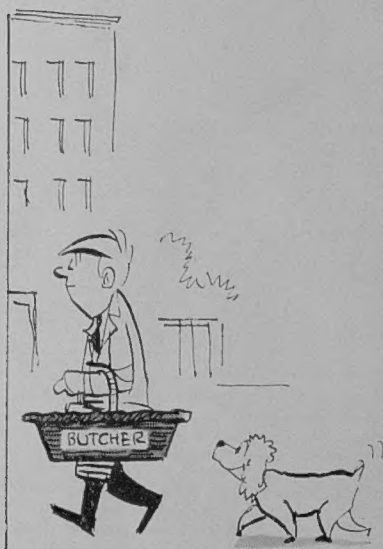
SON ET LUMIERE

Southwark Cathedral, to 11 September; **Brighton Royal Pavilion**, to 4 September.

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THE UNKNOWN

Multiple Sclerosis—the commonest organic disease of the central nervous system, frequently leading to progressive paralysis. In essence, the protective sheaths of the nerve fibres in the central nervous system are destroyed by some unknown agent. The resultant wasting away of these sheaths is followed by scarring or sclerosis of the nerve tracts.

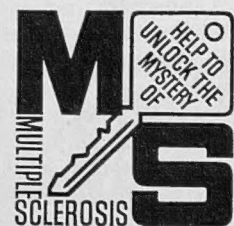
The cause of Multiple Sclerosis is still a mystery but it is known to be neither contagious nor hereditary. The average age of onset is 36—although often cases are encountered in the 'teens. Frequently it strikes when a man is establishing his career or a woman her home. As yet, no satisfactory remedy has been found. The Multiple Sclerosis Society of Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland exists to promote the clinical and scientific research so essential if this mystery disease is to be conquered. The Society also promotes the welfare of those who have the disease.

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Sylvie Nickels / Before the invasion

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Mario, my student chauffeur, had ambitions to be a racing driver, so I noted gratefully that the roads of Gargano, whose Alpine twists provide fine possibilities for squealing tyres, are almost empty even in July.

The Gargano Peninsula, that spur jutting out into the Adriatic, marks the northern end of the province of Apulia. Southwards it extends to embrace the very heel of the long "boot" of Italy. In spite of the ships that link Bari and Brindisi with Yugoslavia, Greece and farther points of the Mediterranean, it is one of the least known of the Italian provinces to foreigners, and certainly to the British whose GB plates I could have counted on the fingers of two hands.

Apulia has five main towns (Foggia, Bari, Brindisi, Lecce and Taranto) and four main topographical divisions: Gargano, the Tavoliere (plains), the Murge hills, and the Salento peninsula (the "heel"). It has great historic wealth, good beaches, strange indigenous architecture, and landscapes that are interesting rather than majestic, with the exception of Gargano which, for sheer sustained drama, can hold its own with any stretch of coast anywhere in Europe.

Gargano's nearest point is reached in under an hour by road from Foggia, its mountains rising suddenly out of the Tavoliere whose cornfields in July had already been harvested. They are high, thirsty mountains, cradling small towns of peculiar interest. Monte Sant' Angelo is one of them—a great place of pilgrimage to its Basilica of the Archangel built over a grotto where St. Michael appeared. San Giovanni Rotondo is another where the sick and sorrowful have come in their tens of thousands every year to seek comfort from Padre Pio, a humble and saint-like priest who has borne the marks of the stigmata for over 40 years.

The arid splendour of Gargano holds another major surprise. Unexpectedly, the parched land gives way to hedgerows heavy with cow parsley and tangled with blackberry bushes, and you find yourself in a forest. It is the Foresta Umbra, as deep and green and cool as any-

thing the home counties have to offer.

Down by the sea, white villages clutch at the mountain flanks and crescents of beach bake in the sunshine at their feet. They are poor, picturesque villages, with Peschici the most photogenic of all. It has no hotel, but a big holiday village is under construction at Manacore, a deserted stretch of coast a few miles away. It includes an attractive first-class hotel, the Gusmay, in which sloping ramps between floors replace the usual flights of stairs. Rodi Garganoci, S. Menaio and Vieste are other small tourist centres.

Half-a-dozen more small resorts edge the coast to Bari, a big bustling place with several monuments of note and a pleasant sea front. It has a number of beaches but they are invariably crowded in summer, and I would prefer to move 20 miles south to the picturesque old village of Polignano perched on low cliffs that are honeycombed with caves. These cliffs and caves are a common feature of this coast, which becomes progressively bleaker as you proceed farther south. But the occasional beaches remain excellent, some

of the villages, such as Otranto and Castro Marina, are delightful, and you are forever stumbling upon some relic of Apulia's varied past.

Successive waves of overlords have given Apulia a fine crop of architectural treasures. The many cathedrals and churches in Romanesque Apulian style are really beautiful and of these, the Basilica of St. Nicholas in Bari, begun in the 11th century, provides the prototype. Its ceiling is heavy baroque but other overlays of baroque have largely been removed to leave austere, uncluttered lines. In the crypt lie the bones of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, ancestor of the world's Father Christmases, whose remains were removed from Turkey during a raid in the 11th century.

Castles are another frequent feature of the Apulian scene, contributed by Normans, Angevines, Arragonese and Swabians; the most famous is the Swabian Castel del Monte, the "crown of Apulia," in the hills between Foggia and Bari. Apulia has its own brand of baroque, too, developed between the late 16th and early 18th centuries. The best can be seen in the Salento penin-

sula, where Lecce is a small jewel of a town, justifying its reputation as the Florence of the South. Flamboyant examples of baroque are the Basilica of Sante Croce and the surroundings of Cathedral Square, but carved doorways, windows, fountains are forever charming you as you wander through the maze of little streets. The Church of San Nicilò e Cataldo is Romanesque, embellished with baroque; the castle dates from the 16th century, and the amphitheatre of this remarkable town, hemmed in by banks, is unmistakably Roman.

On a more homely level, Apulia has an architectural style all its own in the shape of *trulli*—circular whitewashed houses with cone-shaped roofs of uncemented stonework—which can be seen in the Murge foothills about an hour's drive from Bari. Two of the prettiest *trulli* villages are Alberobello and Locorotondo, but any number of them pepper the hillsides round Selva di Fasano, looking out to the sea across the narrow coastal strip which is, here, a soft green carpet of olive trees against the red earth.

Many of the *trulli* have been turned into summer villas and at Alberobello there is even a *trulli* hotel. The *trulli*, each consisting of bedroom, bathroom and living room, are dotted about gardens that are drenched with flowers, and served by a central restaurant. It would seem an excellent place for a few quiet days inland.

In the same area are the Castellana grottoes, the most beautiful I have yet seen. The loveliest of all lie about a mile from the entrance and there, nature, with unlimited time at her disposal, has turned a chain of dank caves into a silent fantasy world of white tracery. Though it was at the height of the tourist season, we had the grottoes to ourselves, just as we had had the roads almost to ourselves away from the towns. It is one of the delights of Apulia that the real tourist invasion has not begun—yet.

How to get there:

By air, London-Bari return (changing at Rome): £45 14s. to £58 17s. tourist excursion depending on time and season; £74 8s. tourist class; £100 18s. first-class to Rome, thence tourist class only. Also connections from Rome to Brindisi. By surface travel, London-Foggia return: £27 13s. to £29 14s. second class, according to route; £40 14s. to £46 12s. first class.



Street in the trulli village of Alberobello, Apulia, in Italy

GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table
The Diplomat, 20 Mount Street, W.1. Open for luncheon and dinner. (MAY 3200.) C.S. The opening of a new restaurant in the top luxury class is always an occasion of interest and importance. Interest is enhanced in this instance by the team running it. Charles Bradshaw, well known for his management of the Trocadero and with 40 years' experience behind him; Charles Beaufort, also from the Trocadero and a chef of international repute; and Guy Gluckstein, a director of J. Lyons & Co., whose idea the restaurant was, and who brought in Morris Lapidus to create a decor as unique as it is elegant and luxurious. Add to this combination Guido as *maitre d'hôtel*, a highly trained team of waiters, and a cellar of outstanding quality.

There is no cover charge, and the minimum cost of a meal is 30s. The price of the main course includes the "starter" and the sweet, and it is wise to go prepared to spend £3 per head or more, without wine. The menu is entirely made up of specialities, several of them original creations by Charles Beaufort. The wines start at 25s. a bottle, but there are carafe wines suitable for drinking with the first course. Expensive? Yes, but most of the really pleasant things in life are, and in this case you get value for money. W.B.

Chelsea Room, Carlton Tower. (BEL 5411.) Brunch in Belgravia is the new motif on Sundays in this restaurant, whose charm and distinction seem to increase each time I visit it. The menu is a compromise between breakfast and luncheon, and at 30s. first-class value. I had a prawn cocktail, followed by a Western Cobb salad, which is chicken breast and cold crisp bacon on a bed of lettuce, cucumber, tomato and pineapple, topped with a cheese sauce. I finished with some fruit from the attractive sweets trolley, and coffee well above standard. Non-alcoholic beverages—we drank a fruit juice mixture—are included in the Brunch price. It was evident that it has caught on, and that it will become a popular Sunday feature. W.B.

Café Royal, Regent Street. (WHI 2373.) Proudly celebrating

its centenary—it was on 11 February, 1865, that Daniel Nicols, late of Paris, opened his doors—the restaurant is serving a series of centenary Dishes of the Month. In July it was *Le Jambon de York aux Pêches Marinées*, and for August it is *Le Festival de Homard or Le Civet de Lièvre St. Hubert*, i.e. jugged hare cooked in red wine sauce and garnished with small onions, mushrooms, diced bacon and purée of chestnuts. In September it will be roast grouse, English style, with oysters, pheasants, turbot and turkeys coming into their own in the remaining months of the year. I must praise the high quality of the layout and printing standards of the literature produced in connection with the centenary. W.B.

Celebration

On 20 July a very particular supper party was held at Kettners Restaurant. It was to celebrate Mrs. Emma Williams' 60 years at Sheekeys Fish Restaurant. Even in France, where long associations with the management of one restaurant are common,

this would stand as a remarkable record.

Wine note:

Pearl with a sparkle

Those who like natural sparkling wines should try one that came my way recently for the first time. It is Lindeman's Australian-bottled sparkling Porphyry Pearl. It went well with *veau à la crème* and on another occasion with raspberries and cream. It should of course be served chilled. The bottle is worth keeping for picnics as it has an outer screw top and an inner plastic stopper. At 17s. 6d. a bottle it is good value for money.

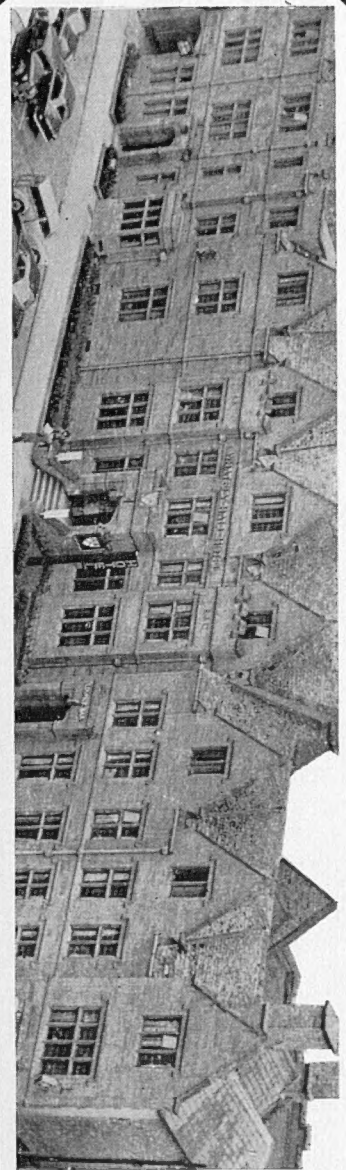
. . . and a reminder

Trafalgar Tavern, Park Row, Greenwich. (GRE 2437.) Just the place to take your friend from overseas. Regency house on the river, beautifully reconstructed, with French and English restaurants. Do not fail to see the Nelson Room.

Ajmer Indian Restaurant, 96 Wilson Road, Victoria. Small, plain, and cheap, but serving curries of notable quality.



Carmen Quintero, one of the José Greco company of Spanish gypsy dancers who have just started a three week season at the Royal Festival Hall



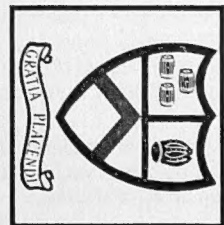
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THE QUEEN REVIEWS THE HOME FLEET

Bosuns' whistles pipe the Queen aboard H.M.S. Lion, Flagship of the Home Fleet, where she was greeted by the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir John Frewen, with whom she dined. It was the concluding social event of the Royal review of the Home Fleet in the Clyde, and Her Majesty, who had arrived in the Royal yacht Britannia, accompanied by Prince Philip and Earl Mountbatten of Burma, saw a Fleet very different in technology from that reviewed, also on the Clyde, by her father in 1947. During the Review the Queen visited representative units, including H.M.S. Dreadnought, Britain's first nuclear submarine, gave a luncheon to officers on Britannia, and had tea with the Chief Petty Officers of the Fleet aboard the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Centaur

Dublin's week of the year

There were more than 1,500 entries for the Dublin Horse Show, spread over a week of jumping and showing at the Ballsbridge ground. Surprise of the show was the winning of the premier Aga Khan jumping trophy by the English team, with Ireland as runners-up, against the powerful

Italian challenge. There were two outstanding American successes, Miss Kathy Kusner winning the grand prix Irish Cup for the second year in succession with Untouchable, and Mr. J. A. T. Galvin the middleweight ladies hunter class with his entry Bachelor Gay

The Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew, daughter of Lord Carew, with her six-year-old chestnut Ballyfine, winner of the supreme hunter championship of the show



Miss Anne Thompson, of Golden, Co. Tipperary, with reserve champion Arabian Knight



Lt.-Col. H. Weber receiving the Aga Khan Cup, won by the English team, from President Eamon De Valera. Mounted are team members Mr. & Mrs. C. D. Barker and Mr. Harvey Smith



Viscountess de Vesci, from Abbeyleix, sister of the Earl of Snowdon

Glamorous nights at Cowes

by Muriel Bowen

The setting, worthy of the Arabian Nights, of the Royal London Yacht Club ball at Northwood House, Cowes (pictures in last week's TATLER), was dominated by an enormous mural in different shades of blue, stretching the length of the 60-foot ballroom floor. It depicted Cowes by night, with the Royal yacht and various warships picked out in twinkling lights; the decor of which it was a part surpassed anything seen in London for years. It was the work of two Hampshire solicitors and keen yachtsmen, Mr. GEOFFREY GLANVILLE, chairman of the ball committee, and his brother TREVOR who is a Rear-Commodore of the Royal London. This is the seventh year that the Glanville twins have run the ball, and each year it has become a greater success.

"We are enormously lucky to have the Glanvilles, they have given the dance a wonderful reputation," Mr. BARRIE HEATH, the Club's Commodore, told me. Dancing was in a 200-ft. long marquee and man-made trees divided it into two broad avenues with tables either side. The trees were as large as oaks and glittered with coloured foil cunningly applied. In recesses of the tree-trunks were larger-than-life nudes, lit by ultra-violet beams. The branches were genuine beech, sprayed white, with myriads of tiny lights in place of leaves.

PRINCE HEADED GUESTS

PRINCE PHILIP, ashore from the Royal yacht, danced until 2 a.m. SIR JAMES KIRBY was presiding over two tables of Australian yachtsmen. "We simply can't get over all the parties people give for us and ask us to," said Sir James, who heads the committee that was managing the Australian team for the Admiral's Cup challenge.

Guests included the Spanish Ambassador, the MARQUÉS DE SANTA CRUZ, who was staying at Bembridge; SIR JOHN & LADY POWER; Mr. & Mrs. PATRICK EGAN; Mr. & Mrs. MIKE RAWLENCE; the DUKE & DUCHESS OF MEDINACELI; Mr. & Mrs. CHARLES BLAKE; and Mrs. KATRINA THOMPSON. Still more among the 800 who took tickets were LORD BURNHAM; Mr. & Mrs. RALPH SNAGGE; Mr. & Mrs. ROBIN AISHER; Mr. & Mrs. TONY BOYDEN; Mr. W. J. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK; COMDR. SIR DAVID MACKWORTH; and Mr. & Mrs. JOHN SOUTHERN.

WHY SIR JOHN LAUGHED

The music swung from beat to off-beat every second number, and was non-stop. "The important thing is that it *should* never stop," explained Mr. Trevor Glanville. SIR JOHN & LADY NICHOLSON stood on the edge of the ballroom floor laughing. "When we left our table they were playing something quite different," explained Lady Nicholson. "We feel that we can't attempt this." Sir John, who had been out sailing his lovely boat Vittoria, was back at his office in Liverpool next day. Some of the

guests, like LT. COMDR. MIKE PARKER and Mr. JOHN GLANVILLE, had to come Cowes specially for the ball and were taking the 7.15 a.m. boat to get them to their offices by 9.30 a.m. They considered it well worth while. "I've never before had the luxury of a steward to run my bath in a boat on Cowes Roads," Mr. Glanville told me. He was staying as guest of Mr. & Mrs. JOHN RIX on their boat.

HAUNT OF CHIC

It was an outstandingly smart ball. There were dozens of dresses by Fantana, Courrèges, and Hardy Amies. Among the strikingly chic women were Mrs. GEOFFREY BLAKE in a sculptured dress of ice blue, the bodice embroidered with beads in midnight blue; and Mrs. MALDWIN DRUMMOND, with a high-necked top of brocade and a skirt of olive green satin.

As the night gained momentum, COL. DICK KINDERSLEY looked up at the branches and remarked: "Not one has fallen down yet!" He had a proprietorial interest—he had cut and painted them at his place near Yarmouth. "This sort of thing is more exhausting than work," commented Mr. JEREMY WYATT, son of SIR MYLES WYATT, as the music sped along at a rate of knots.

Dawn at Northwood House, and almost everybody had gone home. A policeman's boots stuck out from under a pink tablecloth. He had found a golden evening bag which he restored to a grateful owner.

FLAMING CLIMAX

Cowes Week reached its climax with a display of fireworks on the Friday night. Lights were turned out and only the flags of Britannia flapped in the spotlights as fireworks crackled and spun into the air right across the harbour.

This was the apex of the week's private entertaining. Mr. & Mrs. GRAHAM WHITE had a buffet supper on their balcony with a guitarist to play. Farther along LT. COL. & Mrs. PERCY LEGARD and their youngest daughter LAVINIA invited friends to watch the fireworks from their balcony on the hill above the Island Sailing Club. This lovely Georgian house, which the Legards have restored most beautifully, comes as a surprise in Cowes where so many of the houses are jerry built. It will disappoint their friends to hear that they plan to sell it, and spend more time on an island off Sweden.

I walked past a large yellow sign which said "Diversion", in German, outside SIR MAX AITKEN's door, and up the stairs to Mr. & Mrs. Barrie Heath's charming flat, which has a balcony stretching out into the harbour. The house is historic, having once been the residence of the exiled Napoleon III, but the balcony is over what was once a sail loft that Sir Max has turned into a marvellous drawing room with polished floor and lots of brass mementos from ships. Sir Max refers to it as "My Museum."

PARTYGIVERS

Mr. & Mrs. Heath were entertaining some of their own friends, including Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Blake, who live at amusingly named Disrespect of Cowes, and some of their children's friends. While Mrs. Heath whipped up a bacon and eggs supper Mr. Heath turned over in his mind what girls he might rope in for re-decorating operations at the Royal London this winter. Unlike a lot of yacht club commodores, he hasn't exactly got to search for talent. Down below Sir Max Aitken had about 30 guests on his long glassed-in balcony. Several of them had come by boat, tying up at the private jetty, and so avoided the chaos that was Cowes on Fireworks Night. Guests also arrived by boat for a party given by Mr. JAKOB ISBRANDTSEN, the New York shipowner and captain of America's Admiral's Cup team, at Medina Cottage.

NO DRUMS, NO HOUSE

Mr. Isbrandtsen is that fairly rare thing, an American who is also an individualist. He adores Cowes, flies the red duster on his jetty, and greets friendly passing boats with a burst of cannon from the balcony. Two years ago he bought Medina Cottage in order to have a landing stage for his boats. With the cottage came a set of handsome red and silver drums belonging to the previous owner, Lt. Col. Percy Legard. "I told Percy no drums, no agreement to buy the house," said Mr. Isbrandtsen. "I can't play them myself, but Percy comes in and plays them for me."

Medina is a modest cottage but Mr. Isbrandtsen lives well and does things well. On the Fastnet race he did the cooking himself and treated his crew to things like crêpes suzettes.

THE FASTNET RACERS

Next day I watched that most exciting of yachting spectacles, the start of the Fastnet race, from Yeomans, Mr. & Mrs. OWEN AISHER's house beyond the Squadron which has its own specially equipped drying rooms for sails, and a delectable garden. Watching with Mr. & Mrs. Aisher and their eldest son OWEN were Mrs. RON AMEY whose husband's Noremya IV was in the winning British team for the Admiral's Cup, and Messrs. JOHN & FRANK LIVINGSTON from Australia.

I had news of the Island Sailing Club, of which is he Admiral, from Mr. Aisher. Another storey goes on top of the new clubhouse this winter. This will provide a summer bar and also enable the club to have a bigger restaurant. Mr. Aisher is also trying to popularize racing for boats of "One Ton Cup" size. These are as big as Class III ocean racers, but the first boat home wins, which does away with the long calculations over handicap which rob a race of interest, especially for the spectators. Mr. Aisher believes that these boats may well form a class at the 1972 Olympic Games.

The Squadron's anniversary ball

The Royal Yacht Squadron Ball, celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Squadron, was held at Cowes

Castle, Isle of Wight, and was attended by Prince Philip and over 300 other guests

Mrs. Reggie Bennett, Sir Kenneth Preston, who becomes Royal Yacht Squadron Vice-Commodore in October, and Dr. Reggie Bennett, M.P. for Gosport



Mrs. Spencer Forbes and Group Captain the Hon. Peter Vanneck



Captain H. M. Evelegh, R.N., & Mrs. Evelegh—he is the Royal Yacht Squadron secretary—and Lt. Col. A. W. Acland, R.Y.S. Junior Rear-Commodore



Mr. & Mrs. Maldwin Drummond

The Spanish Ambassador, the Marques de Santa Cruz, and the Count of Barcelona



The Earl & Countess of Erne with the wheel of the old Royal yacht Victoria & Albert



Captain M. Lowry-Corry, chairman of the Ball committee, and his daughter, Princess Rupert zu Löwenstein



Mr. Frank & Mr. John Livingston, the Australian brothers who built the 12-metre yacht Kurrewa



Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Snagge and Miss Georgina Duke

Britain lost the race but won the Cup

A top event in the deep-sea yachtsman's calendar, the Fastnet race, was won this year by an American, but good placings of British entrants enabled this country to win the coveted Admiral's Cup for most points in four important ocean races, against international competition. On the eve of the Fastnet a cocktail party for 300 was held at Northwood House, Cowes

Winner Mr. Dick Carter from Boston, U.S.A., with his daughter Susie, on his all-steel yacht Rabbit designed by himself



PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN SCOTT

Mr. Randall Clarke's motor sloop Quiver IV, and Mr. J. Isbrandtsen's Windrose jockeying for position. They sailed for Britain and America respectively in the Admiral's Cup



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Mr. Ron Amey aboard his motor sloop Noreyma IV, one of the Admiral's Cup British team. He finished fourth in the Fastnet race



Clarion of Wight (Mr. Derek Boyer) crossing the bows of the Italian sail-training ship Amerigo Vespucci



The Commander-in-Chief Portsmouth's ketch Marabu, which was sailed in the race by Cdr. J. H. L. Spill

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer



Capt. G. C. Mitchell, R.N., commander of guardship H.M.S. Aurora, with Mrs. Mitchell at the party



Mr. & Mrs. W. M. Vernon, R.O.R.C. Commodore, and Mr. Otto Van der Vorm, Dutch owner of the *Zwerver*



Mr. Colin de Mowbray, from Singapore, Miss Gillian Stonehouse and Mr. Nicholas Edmiston, at 20 the youngest skipper in the race

A jolly group of young people has recently been living at Braemar Castle on Deeside. They are the Invercauld Players and came from various parts of Scotland for the Invercauld theatre season. There are ten in the company and they all help behind the scenes as well as act. All are either teachers or students: "We couldn't do it if we didn't have the long summer holiday," the group's leading lady, Margo Barron, told me.

She and her husband Charles, the only married couple in the group, are thoroughly immersed in the theatre. This year Margo played Queen Mary of Scotland in *The Dancing Queen*, a new play by her husband—he himself played Darnley. "It's a wonderful part, probably the heaviest I have played," Mrs. Barron told me. But she admitted that it was an extra strain trying to do full justice to the author when he happened to be her husband.

Enormous fun

These two pleasant young people—both Honours graduates in English of the University of Aberdeen—prefer to keep their theatrical talents largely on the amateur level, though both manage to do a good deal towards forwarding the interests of drama in their jobs. Charles is a lecturer in English at Jordanhill Teachers' Training College, Glasgow, and Margo teaches English at the Glasgow High School for Girls. Last term, she tells me, she produced *Much Ado About Nothing* with the senior girls. (The role she dreams of playing herself some day is that of Beatrice.) "It was enormous fun," she said. "They loved doing it." It's been enormous fun too, I gather, living at Braemar Castle—lent to the company by Captain and Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson of Invercauld. "The girls take turns with the cooking and the men do all the washing up," Mrs. Barron told me, and then added honestly, "At least that's the theory, but anyway they're all very willing and full of enthusiasm."

Castle garden party

About 250 people were the guests of the officers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders when they held their annual garden party in the grounds of Stirling Castle. The Hereditary Keeper of the Castle, the Earl of Mar and Kellie, was there, accompanied by Lady Mar

and Kellie, and the Keeper's personal pennant was flown. Other guests included the Lord Lieutenant of Stirling, Viscount Younger of Leckie, & Lady Younger; the Lord Lieutenant of Kinross, Captain Charles Adam (R.N. ret'd.) & Mrs. Adam, and Lord & Lady Clydesmuir (Lord Clydesmuir is chairman of the Scottish Committee of Territorial Associations). They were received by the Colonel of the Regiment, Major-General F. C. C. Graham, and Mrs. Graham, and by the Regimental Secretary, Colonel T. B. G. Slessor, and Mrs. Slessor.

Memories of a queen

The party was held in the Queen Anne Garden which, according to Major-General Graham, has been kept pretty much as it was in the days of that Queen, who had close associations with the castle which has a Queen Anne room, now the Keeper's Room. The weather was sufficiently pleasant for the guests to enjoy the gardens with their trim herbaceous borders, and roses climbing up the grey rock walls. Tea was served in the ballroom, once the castle's Chapel Royal, but even castles as beautiful and romantic as Stirling pose their more mundane problems: "There is no Regular Army at the castle nowadays," Major-General Graham told me. "It's run largely by the Territorial Army and if it does, in fact, disappear in 1967 we shall have to think again about how places like this can be run."

Challenge in Portugal

An unusual opportunity has been offered to Miss D. Byrom Bramwell, principal of the Occupational Therapy Training Centre, Astley-Ainslie Hospital, Edinburgh. She has been asked to go out to Portugal for a year to help with the establishment of a new rehabilitation centre just outside Lisbon. The invitation came from the Portuguese doctor who is in charge of the centre. It is to open in October, but Miss Bramwell will not be going out until January.

Miss Bramwell, who has been at the Training Centre for 21 years—20 of them as principal, tells me that after the year is over she will be coming back to Britain but not to her former post. As yet she has no plans about what she will do.

Beachcombers at Bembridge

Amanda (8), daughter of Mr. John and the Hon. Mrs. Green, and, in the dinghy, the Hon. Arabella Pelham (4), daughter of Lord & Lady Worsley, and Belinda (7), daughter of Dr. Reginald Bennett, M.P., & Mrs. Bennett



James (5), son of Dr. & Mrs. Richard Nainby-Luxmoore



The Hon. Charles (nearly 2), the Hon. Sophia (nearly 7), and the Hon. Arabella Pelham, children of Lord & Lady Worsley. Throwing the quoit is Amanda Green



The Hon. Laura Baring and her 11-week-old sister, the Hon. Catherine Baring, daughters of Lord & Lady Northbrook

William (6) and James (4), sons of Major & Mrs. John Molesworth-St. Aubyn



David (6), son of Mr. & Mrs. William Straker-Smith



Annabel and Adrian, children of Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Hope



Laura Rose, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. William Mond

the season for wesker

by J. Roger Baker

Just as one begins to wonder what the younger playwrights who excited us a couple of years ago are up to, the answer emerges—writing plays, of course. Already this year Osborne, Pinter, Arden and Shaffer have produced new plays. And this month Arnold Wesker's latest play opens in London after a short tour beginning this week at the Belgrade Theatre in Coventry.

It is called *The Four Seasons*, has only two characters and lasts an hour and a half without interval (which, in case anyone is getting restless at the mere thought, is not as long as *Rheingold*, the first part of *King Lear* according to Brook, and just matches the first act of *A Patriot for Me*). In the play Diane Cilento and Alan Bates meet, love, suffer and part as the cycle of the seasons revolves.

The Four Seasons is due to be produced in three other countries as well: "It will not be simultaneously, though quite close together," says Wesker. "I don't know that it's unusual for this to happen to a new play. They are theatres that do my work and I send my plays to them. They all liked this one." The other countries are Japan, Israel and Czechoslovakia, where it will be performed by the Army Theatre in Prague. From there comes the designer Zybenek Kolar who is also doing the London production—the play is set in a deserted country house.

Arnold Wesker is reticent about his plays ("there's nothing much to say") but admits he has another work coming up in the new year. It is called *Their Very Own and Golden City* and there seems to be a parallel here between Wesker's development and that of John Osborne, who moved from the personal, almost introvert *Inadmissible Evidence* to the much greater scale of *Patriot*. Wesker's next play shows a similar move towards the epic canvas: "It contains 23 characters and 36 scenes," he grinned, "and is about compromise." Pressed further he added that the play is about contemporary politics and covers ground from 1928 to the present day.

One thing Arnold Wesker is not uncommunicative about is his Centre 42 project which takes up considerable time and energy. Plans for conversion of the Round House—a 19th-century engine shed in Chalk Farm and a splendid example of Industrial architecture—into a centre for drama, opera, ballet, poetry recitals, meetings and lectures, all things that contribute to "the extraordinary experience of art," by architect Rene Allio will be ready in September. Robert Maxwell M.P. is now the treasurer of the appeal, towards which the new borough of Camden has given £10,000, and among others John Lennon has written to 300 show business people requesting £75 from each. It is a massive venture which is regaining impetus that seemed to be lost after its inception with Wesker as Artistic Director in 1961.

PHOTOGRAPHS: GRAHAM ATTWOOD





Arnold Wesker, above and, with his wife Dusty, left, in the Round House, destined to be the setting for Centre 42. Originally a railway engine shed, later a wine store, it was built in 1847 and it is large enough to include all the services necessary to an arts centre (from carpenters to library) under one roof. *The Four Seasons* will be at Golders Green next week and comes into the West End on 15 September

To Mrs. Nancy Anson, Archivist's Office
Home Farm, Pendleheim Museum,
Pendle, Sawcattee University,
Dorset, Mannering, U.S.

Dear Mrs. Anson, I am writing to you concerning your great-uncle, General Sir Tarquin Pendle. As you know he is of great interest to us historically, being one of the founder members of our constitution and responsible for clearing the area of hostile tribes and laying the foundations of our first community. It has always been a matter of regret to us that he spent his last years in Britain.

Next year is his Centenary and we are planning to make quite a do of it—inauguration of a Tarquin Pendle Room in the Museum and re-publication of his journals.

It is to this end I am writing to you. Lottie Clowes was in here the other day and telling us about the entrancing afternoon she spent with you at Pendle, particularly mentioning the fine portrait you have of your great-uncle. She is writing a biographical sketch to preface the new edition of his journals and we are wondering if you could let us have a photograph of the portrait, also of any of his possessions that have turned up (you mentioned the existence of various items which you could not lay your hands on at the time), for inclusion in this publication.

Concurrently should you consider parting with any of these items I may say that the Pendleheim Museum would be delighted to exhibit them in the Tarquin Pendle Room where we are to have a dummy figure of your great-uncle set against murals depicting his exploits in this area. Thus, any authentic items of his wardrobe or personal belongings, should you wish to part with them, would be more than welcome and would certainly enhance the reality of this undertaking.

Hoping to hear from you in due course.

Amelia Tribble,
Archivist,
Pendleheim Museum.

Home Farm,
Pendle,
Dorset.

Dear Michael, Enclosed correspondence passed to you dear eldest brother for action—it's beyond me! And sorry I whetted their appetites.

This Lottie Clowes was here one day last summer. If I hadn't been busy helping Jack get in the hay I could probably have sold her the ruins of Pendle stone by stone, then she could have set it up over there and put this stuffed man inside. Can you imagine great-uncle Tark stuffed! He was such a legend to us it would really give me a fright to see what their bright brains have done with him.

Seriously though, you've a bigger and better portrait of great-uncle Tark anyway and know more about it all. And what about those relics. The sealskin jacket and hat, the replica of the birchbark canoe in which he shot the rapids, the geological collection and all those journals and sketchbooks—wasn't there a white bearskin!

With love to you and Betsy,
Nance

14 Gulliver Mansions,
London, S.W.14.

Dear Nance, Thanks for your letter and enclosures. I can't think why they should ask Lottie Clowes to write uncle Tark's biography. I should have thought I was the obvious person, being in direct descent and possessing fuller knowledge of background, etc. Betsy agrees with me and so I have written to Mrs. Tribble suggesting this. If I am going to do it, it becomes imperative to find the rest of the relics and the journal. My guess is they are with you at Home Farm. The journals I know weren't lost in the fire; Dad used to read bits to us—remember! They're probably somewhere about, so be a good girl, give up a morning's farming and have another look. Have you asked Tony about the birch-bark canoe? He was the keenest on that kind of thing. If I am going to write this sketch I would like to give the Pendleheim Museum all we can find belonging to great-uncle Tarquin as an earnest of family goodwill.

Michael

P.S. Betsy sends her love.

P.P.S. Alice was in here the other day. She thinks she can make a fortune out of this situation. Says she has the sealskin jacket and hat (how did she get hold of them) and that the geological collection is worth a small fortune as it probably contains uranium. Well you know what she's like. Being a widow seems to have made her more rapacious than ever.

Anthony Pendle,
Islington Theatre,
London, E.C.

Home Farm,
Pendle.

Dear Tony, There's a big flap on about great-uncle Tarquin. Some American University has written round the family asking for photos and relics, etc. Apparently it's his centenary next year! Michael wants to write a biography and Alice thinks she's going to make her fortune. The Museum of this University is setting up a Tarquin Pendle Room, having a stuffed effigy, etc. In the meantime where are the relics? I don't think any of them are here though I'm searching all over when I have time. Alice says she's got the sealskin jacket and cap. I'm quite certain she hasn't. Didn't you have them for Norway. And can you throw any light on the birchbark canoe or the geological collection (little cabinet on spindle legs).

Nan

The Willows,
Guest House,
Wimbledon Common,
S.W.

Dear Nancy, It seems ages since I saw you and the old place and I was wondering if it would be convenient to come down for a week if you and Jack aren't too busy. Anyway I shouldn't be disturbing you, I only want to poke about and revive old memories and would be no bother at all.

Love from
Alice

THE FOUNDER MEMBER

by Dim Pares



Home Farm,
Pendle,
Dorset.

Dear Alice, Nancy has asked me to answer your letter as she has sprained her wrist. We would have loved to have seen you but it is quite impossible this winter as we are having alterations done to the house and everything is in a state of upheaval.

Yours sincerely,
Jack Anson

Islington Theatre,
London, E.C.

DEAR NAN, Nice to hear from you, even if it was because you were only driven to it. Yes, I did have Tark's sealskin jacket and cap and wore them through that Arctic convoy. When they fell to pieces I had them copied by a whaling type so I can lend you the prototype and let you have some sealskins. Suggest you get Miss Batts in the village (the one who made that flying coat of mine) to run you up a replica and then jump in and out of the pond several times to give it that centenary look.

Don't fall about laughing but what Alice has got and thinks is Tarka the Otter's outfit is really Cousin Peg's moleskin coat, the one she used to come foraging in and we called "Magpie ahoy," and "Thar she blows in her old moleskin co-at!" She

turned up in it at my first night the other day. It would look pretty silly ending up on General Sir Tarquin Pendle's effigy in the Pendleheim (why heim) Museum; it's got puffed sleeves and a peter-pan collar!

I haven't a clue where any of the other things are, I should have thought Home Farm the best bet. As for the birch-bark canoe, it was probably used to prop up the chicken-house and has perished anyway. But Glossup at the Forge will make you another, he made me a whole fleet of them when we did HIYA HIAWATHA!

I too have heard from Alice. If she thinks she's going to ransack my bachelor establishment she's mistaken. Don't let her in if she comes your way, she always did put the hoodoo on you in that big sister way of hers. Likewise Michael seems to be getting more pompous too. Retirement seems to be adding to his self-importance. He now sees himself as the Pendle expert. Had a letter saying he had been asked to write about Tark and wanting me to tell him all I know. Most of it's unprintable. I had quite a wallow in those journals when on leave once during the war. Dad let me read all the bits he never read us. Tarquin was quite a boy with the girls, native and all, and I rather suspect he returned to England and Aunt Leila because of the paternity orders. So if you do find the journals for God's sake don't let on. Pity Tark didn't produce an heir over here, it would have saved us all this "fash".

Love,
Tony

Home Farm,
Pendle,
Dorset.

Dear Tony, Terrible goings on here last week. Michael and Betsy and Alice all turned up unexpectedly. It was like some kind of 1920 farce. In spite of sprained wrist (left fortunately), and builders—in between vast meals they ransacked the house. They seemed to think I was sitting on something. Of course they found nothing but the Vicar remembered Dad gave the geological collection to the local museum. So they all rushed off to Dorchester and Jack and I had a breather. Jack says you're the only member of the family he can bear and when are you coming down again as he's got another set of harness for you to clean. Says he hasn't had one done as well since you were last here.

We did laugh about the coat. Alice didn't bring it, it's in the strong-room at Harrods or something. But she's sent a photo of it to the Pendleheim Museum and apparently her negotiating terms are a mink in return for it. I can't imagine what they are making of all this but no doubt I shall hear soon enough. I'll keep looking for those journals!

Love,
Nan



14 Gulliver Mansions,
London, S.W.14.

Dear Nancy, Betsy and I both want to thank you for putting us up last week as I know things were awkward for you, what with your wrist and the builders in. Alice never told us this, she thought it was a put-up job to keep her out.

Of course the local museum are not at all keen to part with the geological collection and they had no trace of the journals either, so we reached a dead end.

I do wish you wouldn't treat the matter with such levity. Betsy and I and Alice think the finding of these journals a serious affair. As Mrs. Tribble is committed to Mrs. Clowes for the biographical sketch I am now thinking in terms of a full-scale biography to be published here, and these journals, telling as they do in retrospect of great-uncle Tarquin's life in Sawcattee and his thoughts on that life, would seem to me to be an essential part of such a work.

They must be in the house somewhere. Dad never let me handle them myself but I am convinced he never destroyed them. I am writing to the family solicitors and asking if they can throw any light on their whereabouts. In the meantime should they turn up please get in touch with me immediately. Don't let Tony get hold of them, he would drag the whole thing down to musical comedy level.

Love,
Michael

P.S. Betsy sends her love.

Pendleheim Museum,
Sawcattee University,
Mannering, U.S.

Dear Mrs. Anson; Thank you so much for your letter and for putting us in touch with your brother Michael Pendle, from whom we have heard concerning your great-uncle's relics. He has very generously offered to write the biography of Sir Tarquin and we should have been delighted to have had him do so if it had not been for the fact that we are already committed to Mrs. Clowes.

Since we wrote to tell him this we were a little surprised to hear from his wife, and from your other sister, Mrs. Alice Stenett, both implying that you are withholding important material concerning your great-uncle and asking us to write to you officially asking for its release.

Lottie Clowes tells me you are an extremely busy and objective person. In her own words—"This is the last thing Nancy Anson would do. She would have dug up the earth for me." Rest assured we are not begging for the release of something that does not exist, but we are asking you to speak to both your brother and sister and explain that, while we would welcome them both to our Inauguration Ceremony as guests of the University (they are on our invitation list), we are not in a position to accept either your brother's offer of a full biography or your sister's offer of your uncle's sealskin coat. In the latter instance we have possessed his service sealskins for many years and the photograph of what your sister imagines these to be seems, in our eyes, to be old-fashioned female attire.

In the meantime we would be grateful for a photograph of your portrait of your

great-uncle, as in the circumstances we cannot very well ask Mr. Pendle for one of his as it seems he will be reserving this for the biography he has in mind to write.

Apologising for troubling you again and for stirring up your family in this connection. We have a real and sympathetic understanding of their reactions and sincere regrets that we cannot see our way to fulfilling them.

Yours sincerely,
Amelia Tribble,
Archivist.

Home Farm,
Pendle,
Dorset.

Dear Tony, I've found the journals. Just after I sent you that last letter from the Pendleheim Museum the other leg came off the sofa. The man who came to photograph the portrait must have finished it off. He stood on it. So we decided to chuck it out and underneath the other corner, inter-leaved through old Army & Navy Stores catalogues, lay all those missing journals. That adorable spidery hand, those wicked, wicked records. The true, the unexpurgated great-uncle Tark. He had counted up to 17 sons and 14 daughters when he left. No wonder he put up that white marble affair to great-aunt Leila! No wonder we called it the Frigidaire! I liked the bit about the Drum Major's wife who told her husband she'd been assaulted in the woods and he organising a punitive expedition. But best of all the part about the Indian girl with the unpronounceable name, the one he called Carralooloo; that must have been quite an idyll!

Michael and Betsy and Alice are definitely going over for the inauguration! What amuses me is Michael talking about being in direct descent. But I suppose he won't be spotting the Tarquiline noses as we would. Actually it's funny, they, the Sawcateets, or whatever they call themselves, should have the reality and ourselves only the written records. As Archivists I think we make a fine pair, don't you!

Love,
Nan

TRAVELLING TRAD

By Madeleine Bingham. Photographs: Alan Vines

A caravan in a green field would not seem to have much in common with a stately home. But look again; through the windows of the caravan can be seen the gleam of Crown Derby porcelain and the soft glow of Royal Worcester. For the travelling people of the fairgrounds and the country markets have their traditions, and if their homes are small and nomadic, it makes no difference to their pride of ownership.

The greatest pride of the travelling caravans is their beautiful china. Fine porcelain would seem a strange connoisseur's choice for a people who are on the move for seven or eight months of the year. It is difficult to transport, and it is frail.

Yet in its caravan setting the porcelain looks exactly right. To walk into a modern caravan, lined with pale mushroom coloured Formica, with television set, sink unit, and Courtier stove, could be like walking into a show caravan at the Ideal Home Exhibition. Everything gleams and sparkles and is bright with indirect lighting. The couches are covered in flowery chintz, the cupboard doors are mirror-lined. The caravan could belong to anyone. It would have no soul.

But to look round, and see the glass-fronted cupboards full of beautiful china, immediately changes the perspective. From being just a pleasant modern caravan it becomes a home cherished with love and made beautiful by tradition—the tradition of the collector of fine china.

The caravan glows with the rich colours of Royal Worcester "Painted Fruit"—purple grapes, soft peaches, the richness of ripe blackberries, and the russet of apples. Everywhere the soft gleam of the gold-edged plates catches the eye. The plates and compôtes, the ginger jars and urns change the caravan into a work of art; something which is cared for and loved.

Other cupboards are filled with Crown Derby—again the richness of reds and golds. One of the traditional patterns collected by the travelling people is the "cigar," which is possibly a corruption of "tzigane." The other Crown Derby pattern traditionally collected is the "posy." All this richness and colour is enhanced by the draped Nottingham lace curtains, so that the whole caravan looks like a boudoir for Lily Langtry.

The travelling people have been collecting Crown Derby for three or four generations, and possibly for longer. No one quite knows how far the tradition goes back. When the girls marry, their dot is often a set of china. And these dots are not cheaply bought, for a pair of ginger jars can cost £80, and a dinner service in Worcester over £300. The tradition has gone overseas, and often when

fairground people from the United States come to London they inquire for "cigar" pattern in Crown Derby.

Mrs. Dolly Jefford has been collecting her china for 10 years, but as she said, "The caravan wouldn't look nothing without the china." She was right.

When the spring comes, and the sun comes out the china is packed up in blankets and stored in chests under the beds, and the caravans start their seven months' trek. As soon as the caravan has rumbled on to the site of the fair or market and is settled for two or three weeks, the first job is to unpack



Traveller's treasure: a table cigarette lighter in Crown Derby

the china and set it out. Once that is done, the home has come to life. It can't be easy to keep such a tiny place sparkling and beautiful with a child of 20 months and a small baby. Yet there is not a finger mark on the Formica walls, and the caravan is close-carpeted even round the gas stove. Travelling children must respect the beauty of their home for "it's all in the way you learn them."

Mrs. Jefford's mother had 11 children, but when you live on the road, housing is simply a matter of buying another caravan; much easier than extending your house, or moving to another.

If you walk around the site where the caravans winter for five months of the year, through the windows can be seen the highly decorated and gilded pieces of porcelain, much of it specially painted and gilded on both sides so that the colours can be seen, as someone with a house might choose wrought iron gates, or a fountain in his front garden, to draw attention to his pride and pleasure in the home.

In winter the children go to school, but when the caravans are on the move their education is intermittent, though ability to read and write is considered important, and along with the discarding of the traditional wooden panelled caravan for its Formica-lined successor, have gone new ways of learning and earning a living.

Though the old fun of the fairground with its coconut shies, the painted horses of the roundabout, the penny rolling and the shooting galleries, has no longer so much appeal for the modern public, the market days and the holiday resorts still give a way of life to people who "wouldn't like to settle."

A house? Possibly, for the winter, as we might say, "A cottage in the country would be nice for summer." A house is convenient for bad weather, but it isn't, and never could be, a way of life.

It looks odd to see Crown Derby in a washing-up machine. And yet why not? It proves that it is used and loved. Some women collect furs or jewellery, but though mink and sable are soft to the touch, they do not touch the heart. They have no link with the past. You can't "add it to grandmother's set" as the travelling people do with "cigar" pattern, and Painted Fruit.

For these designs are as traditional to make as the travelling people's tradition of collecting them. Derby china was first made in 1780 and Painted Fruit goes back to the days of Queen Victoria. It sometimes takes three or four years to carry out an order for a set of plates and compôtes in Painted Fruit. But if you love and value something you are prepared to wait for it, and when it comes to brighten and colour your home, it's worthwhile and worth caring for.

So while patient china craftsmen toil lovingly with their brushes over the bloom on a bunch of purple grapes, or the sheen on an apple, they can be happy that they are giving pleasure and bringing beauty to people who still appreciate their slow craft. With their simple, natural paintings of still life, strictly "trad," they give as much pleasure as a painting of the Dutch school gives to the owner of a stately home.

Some people collect Corots; others like compôtes.



Above: Mrs. Dolly Jefford says "A house would be nice—but only for winter." The china is the "cigar" pattern. Right: Impression of opulence in a wide-angle view of the interior, the richness and delicate patterning of the china enhanced by curtains of heavy Nottingham lace







Set-piece in the caravan of Mrs. Taylor, neighbour of Mrs. Jefford, is this dressing-table decorated with Royal Worcester "Painted Fruit" plates. The pattern goes back to Victorian days

Fashion by Unity Barnes

Next week, the ten couturiers of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers will be showing their autumn collections. Common denominators are: skirts inching upwards; colour schemes centred on a brown-beige-ginger theme (their mutual colour choice for accessories is "ginger ale"); smoother fabrics, notably gabardine and whipcord; high-rising collars centred by small, neat hats; longer jackets with emphasised shoulders; chiffon, crêpe, lace, cloqué and increasing glitter for evening; a little more black everywhere, and a lot more white. Photographs by Barry Lategan.

THE LONDON LABEL

Michael showed narrow dresses under jackets with only the top pair of buttons fastened. This dress, in Lesur's gravelly grey, beige and white tweed, is sleeveless, belted with pale grey suede. Grey velour hat by Graham Smith. Morley's grey suede gloves



Below: **Ronald Paterson** cropped his skirts for a youthful swing, used diagonal seaming to fit jackets and dresses more closely. His suit in Bernat Klein's soft oatmeal tweed has a cream silk jersey blouse tucked into the leather-belted skirt, a side-slanted tweed pillbox. The slim-heeled ankle boots, in Martin & Bolton's soft ginger glacé kid, are by Holmes of Norwich. Aristoc's "Persian Melon" stockings

Right: **Hardy Amies** shapes a brown and beige bouclé tweed by Dormeuil into a suit with an easy-fitting jumper top, zipped halfway up the front. Beneath it, a beige bouclé overblouse, shirt-collared, has a pink silk scarf looped at the neck; the hat is a strictly plain white felt pillbox. Dent's brown kid gloves





Below: **John Cavanagh** uses a glossy olive corduroy by Gerondeau for a high-collared coat with his own particular stamp of spare elegance, yoked back and front, the shoulders fractionally wider this season; it has a narrow corduroy skirt, a blouse in brilliant cyclamen pink wool and angora jersey by René Veron. Reed Crawford's rakish little beanie, designed for John Cavanagh, is finely gathered in ginger leather. Gloves by Kirgloves

Right: **Mattli's** casual "shooting suit" in bronze corduroy by Gerondeau has a culotte skirt below its long, belted jacket; a printed foulard scarf is flicked over inside the collar. Gina Davies made the corduroy little-boy cap. Dent's kid gloves







Left: **Charles Creed** likes long jackets, crisp fabrics. His suit in Lalonde's honey coloured Bedford cord (*left*) has a blouse top in Moreau's cream silk jersey, joined to the skirt. The suit with important pockets (*right*) in Moreau's beige hopsack has a sleeveless jumper top in Pittard's white kid. Both hats, in the suit fabrics, are by Simone Mirman. Gloves by Dent

Below: **Clive** makes a lean, curving coat in Nattier's honey toned Bedford cord, with slightly squared, yoked shoulders. (Under it, he put a lace wool dress printed in stained-glass colours.) Mink forage cap by Graham Smith. The beige suede shoes with matching gaiters were designed by Clive for Lotus. Aristoc's "Persian Delight" stockings



Left: Angèle Delanghe uses cobwebby *bois de rose* lace from Soieries Nouveautés over jade green crêpe de chine for a beguilingly pretty dress with a bloused apron back, a light frosting of sequins across the bodice

Right: Norman Hartnell's rich and rare dress, called "Pearl Fishing," is of gold mesh over glinting gold lamé, the whole dress threaded with pearls, its deep dolman sleeves heavy with big mother-of-pearl paillettes. Fabric by Petillault



Hardy Amies takes a fresh look at camelhair, makes Wain Shieff's smooth camel cloth into a winter coat that runs all the way to the floor, is lined with sapphire satin. As a final guarantee of winter warmth, the white dress with over-lapped bodice is in Gerondeau's fine wool. Gold kid sandals by Rayne



Michael picks a plushy, toast-coloured wool from Chattillon to sculpt into a handsome coat with east-to-west bulk, invisibly fastened over a wide-necked tunic dress in Racine's white wool jersey. Ginger felt hat by Graham Smith. Kid gloves by Morley.



on plays

Pat Wallace / Miscarriage of justice

It is almost a classic dictum that plays with an effective court scene are bound to be successes. By the same token, if the entire action of the play takes place in a law court there is a good chance that the success will develop into a smash hit. So it has been from the faraway days of *The Trial of Mary Dugan* (which, I believe, started the trend) to a present example in *Hostile Witness. Alibi For a Judge* at the Savoy has only one such scene and it comes near the beginning, but it *does* occur in the Old Bailey and the whole play is devoted to an examination of a possible miscarriage of justice, closely concerning the presiding judge, so it may be said to be under the popular aegis. Add to that the fact that the judge is played by Mr. Andrew Cruickshank of TV fame and it is reasonable to suppose that here you have the ingredients of a surefire production even if the play itself leaves something to be desired.

And I'm afraid that *Alibi for a Judge* is in just that situation: a drama with as many holes in it as a tennis net and with quite a few implausible (I hesitate to use the word indefensible) assumptions. The play has been adapted from a book by Henry Cecil and the change of medium has been engineered by the author and Felicity Douglas in collaboration with Basil Dawson. Many hands may make light work but here there is a danger that it will be light enough to float right away; a fear, too, that this comedy is

an over-optimistic entry in the *Thark* stakes, with its humour often verging on the farcical.

Mr. Cruickshank plays Mr. Justice Carstairs, an irascible law dealer who is inclined to think accused persons guilty until they are proved innocent in some slight divergence from the tenets of British jurisprudence. In this mood he sentences a man to 10 years' imprisonment over the loud protests of the man's wife, who later approaches the judge at his private flat. Mrs. Burford, played with a certain boisterous attractiveness by Miss Amanda Grinling, persuades Carstairs not only that there is a chance her husband is innocent but that the real criminal is a man who never in fact appears in the play but who may be easily found, she says, on a racecourse.

To this end she escorts the judge to a number of race meetings, on one occasion spending a night in the same inn at Doncaster. The judge, whose chief trouble hitherto has been that he could never forget he had been a Q.C. and insisted on interfering during the progress of trials, now finds himself in a far more hazardous position as a possible victim of blackmail.

Some of these to-ings and fro-ings obviously give opportunities for hilarious misunderstandings and both players make the most of them, as does the judge's barrister friend, feverishly trying to keep the legal light burning but not exploding. He, indeed, provides

a necessary element of sanity in the whole *imbroglio* and is the receiver of such heartfelt confidences as the judge's impassioned cry: "By God, if ever I get out of this, I'll go straight for the rest of my life!"

There isn't, as you see, much sound sense to the story. Instead there are some mildly funny moments and a sympathetic, huffing and puffing performance by the principal character, which, I must say, was fairly rapturously received. In the end the criminal is proved to be the man the wife suspected but, since he is never

seen by the audience, this is not particularly satisfactory as a solution and, in terms of crime stories, comes perilously close to cheating. In spite of his one outburst the judge is finally unrepentant and is last seen pushing aside a pile of case papers with the comment: "It's no matter, they're all guilty," before being compelled by the more conscientious barrister to study them instead of coming out to dinner.

Funny in its way, of course, but not reassuring; and that in a way goes for the whole evening.

on films

Elsbeth Grant / Cat on a hot trail

They're building a gallows smack outside the jail in Wolf City and all the local citizens are gloatingly gathered around it to watch the hanging of the pale and terrified young girl who's despairingly watching *them* from the window of her cell—and there's **Cat Ballou** (A) off to what I'd say is a fairly chilling start for a spoof Western described by its publicists as "a funny picture to end all funny pictures."

The presence of singers Stubby Kaye and (the late) Nat "King" Cole among the crowd is reassuring—they surely wouldn't be giving such a cosy rendering of *The Ballad of Cat Ballou* if it had a grisly ending—but don't trust the director, Elliot Silverstein, *too* far: he seems to me to have a somewhat macabre sense of humour. He spares you the hanging, right enough, but is less considerate when it comes to wanton murder, a savage beating-up and jolly jokes about a gunman who wears a silver nose because his own was bitten off in a fight: I would gladly have been spared these, too—but perhaps I'm a trifle squeamish.

Catherine Ballou is a budding schoolteacher of considerable refinement whose story is told in a long flashback, from the moment when she was due to die to the day when, on the train she was taking to her father's ranch, she ran into a couple of cattle-rustlers. The part is played dead straight by Jane Fonda. I find her most appealing—and so do the rustlers, Michael Callan and Dwayne Hickman, whom the dear romantic girl regards with interest: because they have a price on their heads she assumes them to be daring fellows. Oh, well—we all make mistakes.

Her father, John Marley, is

not best pleased when she turns up at the old homestead with this couple of young layabouts, but lets them hide out in his barn. Catherine is concerned for her father's safety—a bunch of land grabbers who'll stop at nothing are after his ranch—and when Messrs. Callan & Hickman prove useless as protectors (they've never fired a shot in anger) she goes ahead and hires a notorious gunman, Kid Shelleen, of whose hair-raising exploits she has read enthralling accounts.

Whatever Shelleen was in the past, he is now (as hilariously played by Lee Marvin) a grey-haired wreck—the drunkenest, broken downest gun-slinger in the West who, as he reelingly demonstrates, can't hit a barn door at 10 paces even when primed with whisky (supplied by Indian farmhand Tom Nardini, who always carries a bottle to annoy the authorities).

While one is still laughing at Mr. Marvin's antics, Mr. Silverstein delivers the sort of blow that momentarily wipes comedy clean out of the film. Mr. Marley is shot dead by a hideous, silver nosed assassin (Mr. Marvin in *this* role is grim as all get-out) and Miss Fonda's grief over her father's death is positively heartrending. Back come the reassuring ballad singers to let you know everything's going to be all right, really: Catherine Ballou is about to change into Cat Ballou, leader of a band of outlaws bent on avenging Mr. Marley's murder.

As outlaws, Messrs. Marvin, Hickman, Callan and Nardini are a pretty unlikely lot but they're all devoted to Cat: inspired by her they manage by some miracle to pull off the train robbery she has planned.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



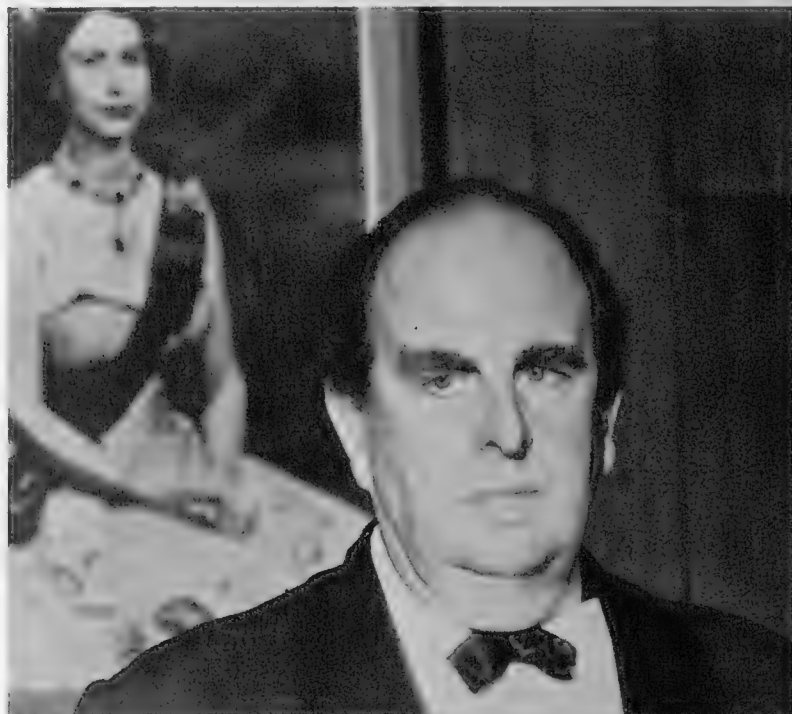
Nyree Dawn Porter and Edward Woodward in *Wake A Stranger*, a chiller set in a private nursing home, to be screened by ABC TV in their *Armchair Mystery Theatre* series on 28 August

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The robbery is fun—and so is the ensuing and inevitable pursuit sequence, madly speeded up to look like one from an old time “silent”—but the scene I liked best comes when Mr. Marvin, in his Shelleen role, ceremonially prepares for his last fight: solemnly he bathes, shaves, pulls himself together with a stout pair of corsets, dons his black and silver gunman's finery, twirls his pearl handled pistols, and satisfies himself with a long stare into the looking glass that he's properly dressed to kill. Even I laughed at his gravity: of course, I didn't realize at the time that he was just popping out to bump off his own brother.

I might not have raised a smile had I known.

How come Miss Fonda is first seen in jail, awaiting execution? Well, in the course of extracting from Reginald Denny a confession that the villainous Silver-nose was in his pay, she inadvertently shot him dead—so she'll have to swing, unless Messrs. Callan, Hickman and Nardini have a last minute rescue neatly worked out. You can count on them. You can't count on Mr. Marvin: he has relapsed into drunkenness. “Look at your eyes—they're all bloodshot,” says Mr. Nardini. “You ought to see them from my side,” replies Mr. Marvin gloomily. It's the best line in the film.



Robert Morley as Ambrose Abercrombie in MGM's film of Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*, directed by Tony Richardson. The world charity premiere is on 30 September at the Empire, Leicester Square



Tom Adams as secret agent Charles Vine in *Licensed to Kill*, an Alistair Film production with marked, but not too reverent, James Bond overtones, and a panache of its own

on books

Oliver Warner / Stern literary suspense

“The writers of reviews,” says a character in my first item, “with their facile charity and their sudden dislikes, really tell one nothing at all.” Not even whether a book is good or bad? Likable or otherwise? It seems to me (for what it is worth) that *An Acre of Grass* by J. I. M. Stewart (Gollancz 21s.) combines the two parts of this author—the other part is of course Michael Innes—in an almost perfect blend. It is, I suppose, a sternly literary story, but then Stewart the don knows about literature, and good shop is always attractive. It is also something more, in that an intensely tricky plot revolves round a conspiracy by the friends of a great literary figure, O.M., Westminster Abbey and all that, to keep from his wife, who they all love, the extent of what a cad he has shown himself in his last completed work. So the reader has the benefit of two sorts of professionalism, literary and the kind which makes the reader hold his breath in suspense during the course of one of those rare detective stories that absolutely come off.

The Unpublished Correspondence of Madame de Staël and the Duke of Wellington, edited by Victor de Pange, translated by Harold Kurtz (Cassell 25s.) has a long title, but it is a short book, and of great interest. The spectacle of the great Duke, when he had the re-making of Europe largely in his hands, corresponding so courteously with one of the most famous of all blue-stockings (she on her side passionate that France should not be treated too harshly after defeat) is both charming and salutary. In whatever strange guise Wellington is presented—even, for instance, in the memoirs of that remarkable courtesan, Harriet Wilson—he never seems less than a great and a complete man. Madame de Staël is not shown at full stretch in these letters, but all are worth reading, and they have found an intelligent editor.

It is a big jump from a Duke to a navvy, and in case, in our affluent society, the origin of the term has been forgotten, navvies were the tough men who built first the Inland Navigations, hence the word, and later the railways. It is the second sort who are the subject of an admirable first book, Terry Coleman's *The Railway*

Navvies (Hutchinson 42s.). This is social history of anything but a dull kind, and a pioneer study in its line. Railway nostalgia is a mild disease with some people, of whom I used to be one. This work is marginal to the library of Old Trains, but the trains had to have tracks, and to read how they were built and at what cost to life and limb, is well worthwhile. And how much truer the later photographs are than the earlier, romanticized prints.

Before the Lamps Went Out by Geoffrey Marcus (Allen & Unwin 35s.) meets the current craze for World War I. Beginning with a sniff of south country air as it blew in the balmy pre-1914 days (which I assume the author can just remember) the narrative takes us through the stormy time of suffragettes and Irish troubles to the moment when this country took the plunge that led to four blood-washed years. It was Bismarck who said that some damned thing in the Balkans would spark off a world fire. How right he was, and weren't his Germans bang in the middle. And they seemed to like their war, or they would scarcely have started another.

Though I am far more attracted by the economy of line in her drawings than in her text, Brenda Chamberlain's *A Rope of Vines* (Hodder & Stoughton 25s.) certainly caters for the current taste for Greece. It is a journal of life on the island of Ydra. Sometimes there are memorable phrases, such as when the author speaks of the “splendid wind that cracks the electric awnings of the restaurants” and of the “dazing light” that so astounds the traveller when he first meets the Aegean. If you like impressions rather than narrative, this book is certainly alive.

Briefly . . . The Wall is Strong by John Hall Spencer (Heinemann 18s.) is one of those stories about secret service adventure in Germany that seem to appear at least once a fortnight. They have to be good to compete, and I rate Richard Drake, the hero in this case, a pretty sure entertainer for a long train journey or a wet evening with the telly out of order. There is an American in the plot who is very nearly too bad to be true, and the Berlin scenes are quite as exciting as one could reasonably expect . . . **Little Cat Lost**

by Compton Mackenzie (Barrie and Rockliff 15s.) is unbelievable. Sir Compton *still* has the magic art of writing attractively on cats for the young and the not so young. This time it concerns the adventures of a white

kitten, deaf of course like all his kind. The drawings by James Boswell are of a type which would have astonished the author in his younger days and are, so I think, all the better for being up to date.

on records

Spike Hughes / Tempo di slow-fox

Why do composers get so solemn in their old age? Apart from one or two—like Verdi, Rossini and Monteverdi—the rest of them seem to grow gloomier and gloomier. Even Stravinsky, who had a sense of fun when he was young, is now as long-faced as any of them. Fortunately, Ernest Ansermet has remembered that Stravinsky wasn't always that way, and on one record (Decca—mono and stereo) he has revived a couple of cheerful operatic romps dating from 1922 and both sung in English—**Renard** and **Mavra**. These two robust and light-hearted pieces—the first a burlesque fable, the other a mock *opéra-bouffe*—were written during and just after the 1914-18 war when Stravinsky was exiled in Switzerland, and was more miserable and homesick than at any other time in his life. The music certainly doesn't sound like it. As a fill-up there is the *Scherzo à la Russe*, written in 1944. Its title is most misleading, for it is a slow-moving, oddly unsmiling affair, more like a march than a scherzo—at least, as Borodin, for instance, understood the term. It was written for Paul Whiteman's orchestra, which is perhaps why it has a suggestion about it of *tempo di slow-fox*.

M. Ansermet also conducts two unfamiliar pieces by Debussy—the **Six Epigraphes Antiques** and **Jeux** (Ace of Clubs—mono only). The *Epigraphes* were originally written for piano duet by Debussy in 1915, three years before he died. Ernest Ansermet has now arranged these unusual and lovely pieces for orchestra and so given them the circulation they deserve—piano duets not being the most natural or practical medium for the wide dissemination of music. They are not major works by any means, but they have a haunting quality which explains why Sir William Walton included them among his *Desert Island Discs* the other day.

The *poème dansé*—in other words, the ballet—called *Jeux*, that Debussy wrote for Diaghilev, was hamstrung

from the start by a fatuous scenario by Nijinsky about a boy and two girls playing tennis, among other *jeux*. The music, M. Ansermet's performance reminds us, is well worth hearing in its own right, however; it is full of vitality and colour and I would have thought could have been used to give musical class to any ballet programme, if only somebody would make up a brand new story for it.

Earlier this year, after 12 years' absence, Vladimir Horowitz returned to the concert platform, and from all accounts played the piano as astonishingly as ever. From what I remember of his public playing before the war it had an element of brittleness which suited some music admirably, but was altogether too elegant in Beethoven for instance. His newest record, **Horowitz Plays Scarlatti** (CBS—mono and stereo) consists of 12 one-movement sonatas which are as brilliantly played as one could wish. The brittleness is absolutely in place here, for it gives the piano all the clarity and attack of the harpsichord the music was originally written for. I don't suppose purists and pedants will approve, but I must confess I'd rather have Scarlatti played perfectly like this by Horowitz on the wrong instrument than by anybody else on the right one.

Those who missed Gérard Souzay's one performance of the Count in *Figaro* at Glyndebourne this year, will find ample consolation in this fine French singer's album of 21 songs by Fauré (Philips—mono and stereo). Fauré wrote nearly 100 songs and if we don't know as many of them in this country as we should, it's largely because we don't hear as many French singers as we should. Only Maggie Teyte among non-French singers has ever come near to capturing the fastidious essential Frenchness of Fauré's songs, which in a peculiar way are rather private music; unlike Schubert's, for instance, which anybody's allowed to join in. M. Souzay seems to enjoy a monopoly at present so

far as recording Fauré's songs is concerned; but not without reason, for he sings them exquisitely.

Unlike *Prince Igor* and *Boris Godunov*, where the most important parts are sung by men, Tchaikovsky's **Eugene Onegin** must have a first-rate Tatiana if the listener's life is to be worth living. Knowing the way Russian sopranos wobble I expected the worst from the Bolshoi Theatre's complete re-

cording of the opera (MK—three records, mono only), but closer inspection of the label and the trilingual brochure listing the runners and riders showed that I had panicked unnecessarily. Tatiana is sung by Galina Vishnevskaya, who is far from being a wobbler, and brings a touch of extra class to a performance that, because it is sung by Russians in Britain, is full of style and honest theatrical atmosphere.



The legend of the Wild West gets a hilarious drubbing in *Cat Ballou* (see *Films*, page 359.) Above: Jane Fonda, wildcat girl outlaw, confronts Lee Marvin, her father's slayer. Below: Stubby Kaye and the late Nat King Cole sing, outside the county jail, the comforting news that all comes right in the end



DINING IN

Helen Burke / Preserving the summer

It is gratifying for a woman who likes to bottle fruits and make jam, pickles and sauces to have the jars and bottles arranged on shallow shelves where she can see at a glance just what she has in stock. I often long for the storage space we had in my home in British Columbia. We had room there for approximately 400 jars containing preserves and conserves of every kind. We went in for pickles and relishes, particularly pickled fruits and very special sauces, in quite a big way. One of the latter, DATE SAUCE, we evolved ourselves. Here is the recipe.

Put 1 lb. of chopped stoned dates, 4 oz. of brown sugar, 2 tablespoons of tomato purée, 1 teaspoon of paprika, 1 to 2 chopped cloves of garlic, 4 oz. of chopped onions, 1 teaspoon of mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cayenne, 2 teaspoons of mixed spice, 6 to 8 crushed whole allspice, 12 crushed peppercorns, 1 teaspoon of salt and 1½ pints

of malt vinegar into a good enamelled or stainless steel pan and cook slowly, stirring, until the dates have broken down. Work the mixture through a nylon sieve and bottle while hot. Seal with sterilized tops. The thickness of this sauce should be about that of the (bought) bottled sauces it resembles. In this case, it will not separate.

Soon plums will be plentiful; use the dark red or blue ones for PLUM SAUCE. Halve 4 lb. of them and turn them into a preserving pan. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of chopped onions, 1 clove of garlic, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of brown sugar, a scant ounce of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each of bruised root ginger and bruised whole allspice, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. each of chillies, crushed peppercorns and mustard, a good pinch of ground cinnamon and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of malt vinegar. Bring to the boil, stirring, then simmer very gently for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Rub through a nylon sieve into another pan, add a further $\frac{1}{2}$

pint of malt vinegar and simmer very gently for up to an hour. Turn into sterilized bottle while the sauce is still hot, cork as above and store in a cool place.

PICKLED PEACHES are delicious with duck. If you buy them pickled they are very expensive, and with plenty of fresh obtainable at reasonable prices, I suggest pickling a few for such dishes as they suit. I prefer large yellow free-stone peaches (Hale is a good variety). First, for 8 lb. of ripe but firm peaches, prepare the sweet spiced vinegar this way. Place a quart of dark brown or water-clear malt vinegar in a preserving pan. Add 2 lb. of preserving sugar. Crush $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each of whole cloves and allspice and $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. each of root ginger and stick cinnamon. Tie these in a muslin bag and add them. Slowly heat through to dissolve the sugar.

Meanwhile drop the peaches into boiling water for less than half a minute; remove, skin them, halve them, extract the stones, slice them into quarters or smaller pieces and, as you do so, drop them at once into the spiced vinegar to prevent discoloration. When all the peaches have been added, bring them slowly to the boil and

then simmer very gently until they are soft. With a slotted spoon, lift them out into jars. Boil the sweet spiced vinegar to thicken it a little, and, after removing the bag of spices, pour it over the peaches and seal at once. Firm but juicy pears are pickled in the same way. Like the peaches, they should be added to the spiced vinegar immediately they are sliced to prevent discoloration.

PICKLED DAMSONS need a slightly different treatment. Make a similar sweetened spiced vinegar. Instead of poaching the damsons (8 lb.) in the vinegar, prick them all over with a darning needle, place them in a basin and pour the boiling vinegar over them. Leave them for several days. Pour off the vinegar, bring it to the boil again and pour it over the damsons. Let stand for several days. Again drain off the vinegar and bring it to the boil. Pour it over the damsons and, this time, leave for a week. Lift the damsons into jars, reduce the spiced vinegar as above, then pour it over the damsons, seal at once and store. All the above fruits are better if left for 3 to 4 months before being used.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Hurry to Bloomsbury

At irregular but fairly frequent intervals I receive communications from the British Museum's Press department. Most of them announce some such thing as the acquisition of a 15th-century German bookbinding or the rearrangement of the bookstall. Few of them bring the sort of news that makes me want to drop everything and hurry to Bloomsbury. But it has happened. I recall, particularly, rushing off to an exhibition of art forgeries and, more recently, to a Hogarth exhibition, at the earliest possible moments. It ought to have happened again last month when the **Masterpieces of the Print Room** exhibition opened but the Press department forgot me and the first I knew about it was when I read the reviews in the Sunday papers.

John Russell, in the *Sunday Times*, wrote a nice little essay about the varied delights of drawings in general (the exhibition is largely of drawings), pointed out that in any other country the show would have been given the full ballyhoo-treatment of modern publicity,

and ended up with a plea for more money for the British Museum. Nigel Gosling, of *The Observer*, raved about some of the more obvious masterpieces—Leonardo's proud, helmeted *Antique Warrior*, Botticelli's exquisitely delicate and seductive figure of *Abundance*, Mantegna's heroic-miniature *Mars, Venus and Diana* etc.—then called the exhibition a jumble and took the Museum to task.

The exhibition, as he pointed out, was arranged primarily for visitors who (in the Museum's words) "may wish to have a general view of some of the riches of the Department, but have not sufficient time at their disposal for a more leisurely and detailed study of our collection." But, said Mr. Gosling, determination rather than leisure is the quality needed. For the tortuous procedure to which any would-be visitor to the Print Room is subjected is surely calculated to daunt all but the most seriously motivated art-lover.

Mr. Gosling might also have complained (Mr. Russell did) that the exhibition is hidden

away in a remote part of the Museum, a part reached only after a walk and a climb of, it seems, at least a quarter of a mile within the building.

Such belly-aching is probably a good thing and the only way in which the Museum will be made more attractive and easier to see for the great British public. And yet I cannot help feeling (it must be a Puritan streak in me) that the rewards of an exhibition such as this are not only worth suffering a little for, but may also seem all the greater because they are not handed to us on a plate. I would even go further and say, *à propos* of another criticism made by Mr. Gosling, that the fact that the display standard of the exhibition does not come up to those in any commercial gallery may be a virtue, not a weakness. I have been tricked far too often by beautiful frames and coloured mounts not to appreciate the plain cream mount and the standard frame that allows me to concentrate my whole attention on the drawing.

Indeed, on reflection, I realize that I did not even notice the frames and mounts at this exhibition. And yet I have retained in my mind's eye a vivid image of almost every drawing there that was new to me. I have, for example, a cruelly haunting

memory of a page of studies by Pisanello—five extraordinarily objective drawings of hanged men and, curiously juxtaposed, two tender sketches of a boy and a woman. Those men, with the sharp cords cutting into their wrenched and stretched necks, mouths open, looking stupid instead of tragic, though dead 500 years ago, seemed frighteningly real symbols of an age that even we, who possess machines of death millions of times more effective than the gallows, regard as sickeningly cruel. Yet to Pisanello, the sensitive artist, a hanged man was evidently an everyday event that he could record with the same penetrating impassivity that he brought to bear in making the superb studies of animals that feature so prominently among his best works.

I remember, too, of course, the "prettier" things—Clouet's exquisite *Portrait of an Unknown Woman*; Holbein's *Margaret Roper*; two landscape drawings of great detail and character by Pieter Brueghel the Elder; a piece of magic, called *Riding on the Seashore*, by Turner; Watteau's deft and delicate drawings of elegant women; the spiky, angular sketches in Samuel Palmer's *Shoreham* notebook . . . The list is as long as this page. You must see them for yourself.



The look for autumn, as Paris sees it, differs with every house. Helena Rubinstein stars the eyebrow, believes that it decides the choice of lip colour. If the eyebrows are strongly accentuated the lips then take second place with a soft colour such as her new Terra Cotta. If, on the other hand, the eyebrows are fair and unaccentuated the lips can wear a bright colour such as Pepper Red.

The make-up is as follows: Fashion Brow in Dark Brown, Brown Long-Lash, Brown Eye-liner, Opaline Eye Shadow. Coverfluid and Powder also in Opaline and a blusher (not obtainable in England at the moment) in Natural Blush or Peach Blush.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer's make-up "Trompe L'Oeil" uses her new "Ayer Tint" to lift the face, bringing out the best features by shadowing the not-so-good. The "Trompe L'Oeil" make-up consists of Beige Sun Liquid Film followed by Beige Rose powder. To make the eyes look large



AUTUMN IN PARIS

Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes



and soft, Beige eyeshadow stick is used with Brown Liquid Eyeliner and Brown Super Long mascara. The eyebrows are darkened with Brown eyebrow pencil. The lipstick, a soft orange tint, is Rose D'Egypte. Lastly, either Ayer Tint No. 1, a rosy colour, or No. 2, a brownish pink, is applied to shade and "chisel" the face.

Carita still clings to the round eye which goes with the "oeuf" coiffure which she created for Cardin. The make-up is rosy, with turquoise or ocean blue eye shadow and frankly pink lips.

Elizabeth Arden thinks in terms of a triangle. Mouth and eyebrows are triangular, even the eyeshadow forms an oblique triangle veering towards the temples. To pastel pink cheeks, eyes stroked with blue, a strong note of red is added—both lips and nails are in Rose Camelia.

Top: Make-up by Helena Rubinstein
Centre, left: Make-up by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, hairstyle by Alexandre
Centre, right: Make-up and hairstyle by Carita
Bottom: Make-up by Elizabeth Arden, hairstyle by Manuel at Elizabeth Arden

Dudley Noble / The saint and the spider

MOTORING

THE NSU SPIDER



IAN WEBB

Ten years from now the name of Felix Wankel may have been added to the list of patron saints of the motor industry, ranking with Daimler, Benz and Otto in having made wheels go round with the aid of petroleum vapour.

Wankel's achievement is that he has found a way of getting turbine-like smoothness of rotation without all the paraphernalia that, at present, looks as though it may be a barrier to the gas turbine engine becoming a really practical proposition where cars are concerned. In a small space, and dispensing with pistons and valves that go up and down, plus the attendant gearing—a Wankel engine will hum round merrily tucked away in the boot or any old place on the car, and when it has been perfected will probably need only a minimum of attention from its owner.

These are my thoughts after having had a few days driving the first such car, the NSU Spider, made at that firm's factory at Neckarsulm in Western Germany. It looked a completely normal and quite rakish sports model; a two-seater with

hood and side curtains, a luggage boot under the bonnet and another smaller one in the tail of the car.

Raise the floor of the latter, and there sits this unobtrusive little power unit, looking like a drum of aluminium with various bits sticking out from its sides. One is a carburettor; another a petrol pump; a third an electricity generator. There is an exhaust pipe; also an oil-filling cap and the control mechanism for the clutch, but by and large the engine and its accessories occupy a lot less space than a conventional power unit, plus its accessories.

In fact, with the Wankel, the section that actually produces the power is a thin sandwich of about two inches width between the clutch-gearbox housing and the casing forming the engine's tail end. From the driving seat there is little or nothing to show that this is not an ordinary car; the engine starts up in the usual way and there is a perfectly normal clutch pedal and gearlever.

On the M.4 the speedometer needle was soon climbing to reach its maximum close to the 100 m.p.h. mark—I timed it

over a straight and level mile to be a genuine 93 m.p.h.

This is not bad going from an engine the German tax authorities regard as a $1\frac{1}{2}$ litre or 1500 c.c. but which NSU claim is only one third of that, while the international federation of sporting automobilists say that for competition purposes it is a one-litre.

In point of fact, within the small sandwich chamber to which I referred, there is a three-pointed rotor, with convex sides, and it varies its path of rotation in such an eccentric manner that it is a tricky job to decide just what the cubic capacity really should be. At least one can say that maximum power on the test bench is 50 b.h.p., developed at 6,000 r.p.m. This is higher than most comparable engines of normal design, but then the very nature of the Wankel makes it a fast revver, and it shows up to best advantage when it is buzzing round.

At lower speeds I found it ran rather as one expects a two-cylinder piston engine to run, and the answer will probably be to use two, three or even four rotor chambers side by side,

after the manner of a four, six or eight cylinder piston engine. They are already active in this direction in Japan, where one of the biggest motor firms is going to town on the Wankel.

So, too, in America and West and East Germany very great interest is being taken in developing this new type of engine: here Rolls-Royce have taken out a licence, but not in connection with cars.

Naturally there are problems to overcome, but none of them seems insoluble; even fuel consumption is about on a par with that of a piston engine of similar power output—during my test I averaged around 35 m.p.g. on ordinary grade petrol. This NSU Spider is obtainable here in Britain, but production is limited at present, and the price is somewhat high (£1,391 including import duty and purchase tax). The distributors are NSU (Great Britain) Ltd., 134 King Street, W.6.

I might add that a wall chart showing how the Wankel engine operates has been produced by Castrol, and a copy can be obtained by writing to Castrol House, Marylebone St., N.W.1.

Albert Adair / Regency Chinoiserie

ANTIQUES

The extremely fine and rare set of Regency Chinoiserie figures (right) is set on a scarlet japanned pagoda pedestal and was possibly for the Chinoiserie room at Ombersley Court, Worcestershire; probably after a design by Frederick Crace, a man who established a name for himself in this field and supplied furniture to the Prince Regent. Each mandarin, individual in his mode of dress, is made of plaster painted in striking colours that dates the set as early 19th century since previously the figures of Chinamen were of carved wood.

The pedestals have supports painted to simulate bamboo and are constructed in two stages, the top tier being crenellated at each corner with a gilded winged dragon holding a ball in its paws. These four figures and the cabinet illustrated are from Blairman & Sons of Grafton Street.

There was a taste for Chinoiserie in England in the early 17th century, but it achieved its greatest popularity in the middle of the 18th century.

Though at times it was a declining fashion it never completely faded; perhaps the feeling of gaiety it created led to its frequent appearances. The Prince Regent commissioned pieces to decorate a Chinese Room at Carlton House, but this was to survive for only a short period and when Brighton Pavilion was reconstructed pieces from Carlton House were to be found, adding to the Chinoiserie decor.

The exceedingly important Regency cabinet (below), formerly in the Ionides Collection, was made (circa 1805) for the Brighton Pavilion, and is illustrated in Clifford Musgrave's *Regency Furniture*. This cabinet (3 ft. 1 in. high; 7 ft. 6 ins. wide; 1 ft. 7½ ins. deep), japanned in black and gold, has doors decorated with Chinoiserie figures in a landscape. The doors conceal a series of drawers and are flanked by open shelves, banded with bamboo moulding, while the whole piece is raised on vigorously carved giltwood winged ball and claw feet.



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Morgan-Bruce: Frances Mary, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. K. G. Morgan, of Llanover Lodge, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, was married to Richard Stephen Witherington, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Bruce, of The Quest, Porskevett, Chepstow, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Chepstow



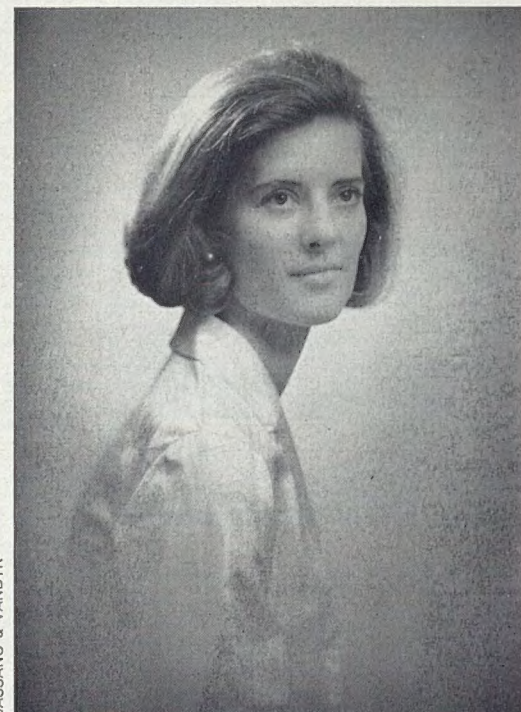
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Miss Susan Ryder to Mr. Martin Bates: She is the daughter of Captain R. E. D. Ryder, V.C., R.N. (Rtd.) & Mrs. Ryder, of The Old Rectory, Wolferton, King's Lynn, Norfolk. He is the younger son of the late Lt-Col. A. G. Bates, D.S.O., M.C., and of Mrs. Bates, of Anton's Hill, Coldstream, Berwickshire

Miss Bridget Duke to Mr. Alexander Cramsie: She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. W. D. H. Duke, of Easter Ord, Skene, Aberdeenshire, and of the late Mrs. Duke. He is the son of Col. A. J. H. Cramsie, O.B.E., & Mrs. Cramsie, of O'Harabrook, Ballymoney, N. Ireland



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